INEZ MACPHEE ASHDOWN

THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

Inez MacPhee Ashdown

(1899 -)

Mrs. Ashdown--Hawaiiana authority, author, community leader, and former paniolo--once invested in a ranch on Kahoolawe in partnership with her father, Angus MacPhee, who was the world-champion roper in 1907. They leased the land from the Territory of Hawaii from 1917 until December 7, 1941 when the United States Armed Forces took it over.

At the age of seventeen, following the divorce of her parents, Inez MacPhee was a hanai of the Louis von Tempsky family and lived with them at Haleakala Ranch. Her adopted sister, Armine, encouraged her to write, as did her teachers, but it wasn't until the 1930's after she married Charles W. Ashdown and had two children that she seriously thought about writing. Then an opportunity to be a reporter for the Maui News and the Honolulu Star-Bulletin spurred a writing career that has resulted in the publication of several books.

In this interview, Mrs. Ashdown discusses her family's history and her personal experiences and relates many anecdotes concerned with Hawaiian lore.

Lynda Mair, Interviewer

INTERVIEW WITH INEZ MACPHEE ASHDOWN

(MRS. CHARLES W. ASHDOWN)

At her home in Ulupalakua, Maui

Early in 1972

A: Inez M. Ashdown

M: Lynda Mair, Interviewer

M: Why don't you start with what you were saying about how you came to Hawaii and a little bit about your family and so forth--that type of background--and then go on from there just as things occur to you.

A: All right.

M: I'll rearrange it all later. (laughter)

A: Is it ready now? Do you want to start?

M: Yeh, go ahead. It's working.

A: Well, I was born in Wyoming and so were my parents, Angus MacPhee and Della Talbot. Married in 1898. I was born in 1899. December 20th. That was old Camp Carlin in Wyoming. It's gone now. It's part of Fort D. A. Russell, which now is Fort Warren, the Air Force base in Wyoming.

M: What did your father do?

A: My father was a ranch man. His father came from Scotland in the 1860's. Donald MacPhee. From a little island in Scotland. He was a cattleman in Wyoming and there he made himself a ranch. It was a fine ranch until, under President [Grover] Cleveland's administration, nearly all the cattlemen went broke. [See page 36]

Then my father and my grandfather went together and got two homesteads--I think about 640 acres each--and they started out again and they had a meat market in Denver. Then when my dad was about eighteen, he went with Buffalo Bill's show. And he went in the Spanish-American War out of Fort Russell--Camp Carlin, which was the quartermaster division. He was not an enlisted man; he was a quarter-

master when he was thirty-six or thirty-seven. He went with [Theodore] Roosevelt and Leonard Wood and some more of them down into the Philippines and the whole deal of the Spanish-American War and he came back to Fort Mason and from Fort Mason in San Francisco there they went up as a government relief expedition to Alaska and my father dog-sledded supplies to the Americans up there. He returned in 1903 to Seattle and I was about three, coming four years old. Then he got a job on the detective force there.

And then his sister died back at the ranch in Wyoming and we returned there about 1905, I believe it was, and he didn't have a ranch any more so he went to work for R. S. Van Tassell who had three very large ranches in Wyoming--one of the few men who survived the depression. While he was working for Van Tassell in 1907, President Roosevelt was coming through--now as President of the United States instead of Colonel Teddy--and when Dad and the President met, they greeted each other like two hugging bears out at the old Frontier Day grounds in Cheyenne. My mother and I were sitting with the President and his group in the box there and my father went out and set a new world's record for roping. Eben Parker Low of Parker Ranch was there and he had been over here before to the States, promoting Hawaii as they promote it now for tourism and so on to bring money to the territory. So he invited the champions of that year's Frontier Day celebration to come down to Oahu for the, I guess it was, first Wild West show here in the territory and it was held at Moiliili Park.

M: That was about what year?

A: December 1907. (Lynda checks recording operation)

M: Okay, it's working. Go ahead.

A: Dad then, after the show, went up to Hawaii to Parker Ranch and Waimea with Eben Low and some more of them and there he met a good many of the paniolos of the Big Island and he went roping with them. I still have the bull hide and horns of the first wild bull he roped on Mauna Kea and it's down in the museum in Wailuku now with a lot of the old cowboy things. [See page 36]

We met Queen Liliuokalani at that show and she took a great liking to my parents and me and she gave me a birthday party on my 20th of December and I still have the doll she gave me.

When my mother and I were coming to Maui, after my father met with Dr. J. H. Raymond, who at that time was married to Phoebe Dowsett, who had been the Mrs. Charles Makee and she evidently had inherited Ulupalakua Ranch or part of it, my father went to work for Ulupalakua Ranch as

manager.

M: Was that the Captain Makee that started . . .

A: Captain James Makee. He bought out from Torbert and Wilcox. And before that, a man by the name of Nowlein had been the one that started up there and, of course, at that time it was cane and agricultural products. And the old man Makee went in for cane for a time and then a terrible wind came--they do sometimes at Ulupalakua--and evidently he decided on cattle ranching and it's been a cattle ranch ever since.

In 1910 my father shot his arm off accidentally when he was out hunting with Alika Dowsett, the brother of Mrs. Raymond, and Raymond fired him so he went to work finally for H. P. Baldwin at Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company, Puunene, because H. P. Baldwin came to see him and he said, "Young man, I guess you're feeling badly," and he said, "I have only one arm also." He'd lost his in a mill accident and some Chinese had saved his life. Well anyway, Dad worked for him.

In the meantime, my mother had got her divorce in 1910 and we were with her father, James Talbot, in Cheyenne and James Talbot was the first contractor and builder in Cheyenne. He had a twelve-acre field where he had his home and everything, so today all the old brick buildings around Cheyenne and Fort Russell or Fort Warren are his work.

M: Wait, wait. Let me go back and ask you a question. Were your parents split when he came over to Hawaii or did you not come over with him? [No, he refused to come without us.]

A: In 1909. No, we were with him but in 1909 my mother went home to her father. My father and she had trouble, then she got her divorce in 1910 in Cheyenne.

M: But you were here in Hawaii.

A: We were here at Ulupalakua but we went back to Wyoming. And then we stayed with Grandpa Talbot in Cheyenne and then in 1915, my Grandmother MacPhee brought me home here to visit with my father, who then had the Kahakuloa Ranch and the Maui Meat Market in Wailuku and lived where the new townhouse is in Wailuku there. That was where his house was and he had the Bismarck Stables and the Maui Meat Market and so on.

M: Your father did?

A: Uh huh, my father. His name was Angus MacPhee. I stayed here and then my aunt, Lillian MacPhee--she was Mrs. Carr-

oll--died and her two children were left so Grandma went back to take care of those two orphans and left me with my dad. My mother wouldn't let me stay here without Grandma so I was sent back to Castilleja School at Palo Alto, California, September 1916 to June 1917.

M: Wait, let me ask you something. Your Grandmother MacPhee . . .

A: Was from Canada. She was pure Scotch.

M: How did she get to Hawaii?

A: She came down to visit my father in 1915 and brought me with her.

M: Oh, I see. Okay.

A: Grandfather was named for his ancestor Ethelbert--James Ethelbert he was called--the Ethelbert who was the second Saxon king and who was baptized by Saint Augustine of Canterbury [who was sent by the Pope to England in 596 A.D.], so all that family is Catholic. My Grandmother MacPhee, who was Catherine MacKechnie in Canada, was a Presbyterian. We have all kind of politics and religions in my family. I'm a Catholic. [Maternal grandfather: James Talbot]

From then on in, I was sent away to boarding schools. I went to Dana Hall and I would have finished there in 1922 but things went wrong so I went to my mother in Chicago where she was working and then I finally came back here and taught school at Ulupalakua. [9/1922 - 6/1925]

Dr. Raymond had called Dad back. Called him up and talked with him and said, please to come back and help him to save the ranch. It had been run into the hole now, so Dad went back. By that time, in 1917, he and I had homesteads in Makawao--two forty-acre homesteads.

M: You and your father did?

A: Uh huh, and I was only seventeen--I wasn't old enough--so one of our employees took over my homestead and lived there but it was my homestead. Then we sold out all of that to R. H. Drummond of Hana, who was on the Board of Supervisors too--a very important man here--and we put every cent of that into Kahoolawe. Dad got the lease on Kahoolawe in 1917 and the money from my homestead--my forty acres--helped to pay salaries and to launch the Kahoolawe Maru in November 1919. [Leased December 1917]

M: Kahoolawe what?

A: Kahoolawe Maru, the ship, a 65-foot work sampan. We worked that place ourselves until 1922. I came back from Dana Hall. Harry Baldwin had come in with him as a partner. He paid a dollar and we had put in about thirty, forty thousand dollars by then and we'd run out of money. Harry came in for a dollar and he was to pay out an equal amount with us.

And then on December 7, 1941, all our hopes vanished. The government took the island away from us. They broke the lease in 1953 and I fought the whole United States government for a long time with a broken heart; now there's nothing and now it's all over because I don't hate people or anything. I learned from the Hawaiians and from my own family that it's useless to hold grudges and to hate. It's useless to hold anything against your country when it's a group of people in authority that do things to you. For a long time I was very, very bitter indeed but now it's all gone. In fact I have written a song about Kahoolawe called "Aloha, Kahoolawe." I did this at the advice of the Hawaiians and when I wrote that song, pau. All the misery left me. I'm okay now today. I can talk about it without crying or swearing or anything. (chuckles) But we lost . . .

M: You had developed it into a ranch then?

A: Oh yes, we were just beginning to make money.

M: I didn't know this at all.

A: You didn't know this?

M: I thought Kahoolawe had always just been sitting out there barren.

A: No, no. From 1917 to 1941 we were running it over there.

M: Did you live over there?

A: At times. My father by then was back at Ulupalakua. Well, Dr. Raymond wanted my father to buy Ulupalakua. Raymond and his wife wanted to go back to California and they wanted to sell the ranch and my father didn't have the $650,000 and couldn't borrow it. Every cent we had was in Kahoolawe. We would have given our souls to have Ulupalakua but we couldn't afford it so after Edward Baldwin came back, he was slated to take over management for his father, Frank Baldwin, who had bought the ranch through my father. My father left and went back to work for Harry Baldwin then at M. A. Company [Maui Agricultural Company] in Paia.

M: What company?

A: Maui Agricultural Company. It's now part of Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company. It's all one big plantation.
So the years went by and all.

M: How did you happen to decide to come back to Hawaii?

A: Well, it was my home. It's always been my home since 1907. The Hawaiians were the only people I know that I belonged to anymore. I don't belong to Wyoming anymore because I was only seven and I've never gone away to stay and Hawaii is my home. And I was slated to take over Kahoolawe on my father's retirement so I was a paniolo, a cowboy. That's all I ever wanted to be. They had an awful time keeping me at school to make a lady of me. I didn't want to be that kind of person. I wanted to be a paniolo. I'd had a guardian cowboy at Ulupalakua. I had a guardian cowboy at Haleakala Ranch in 1917, also.

Louis von Tempsky and Armine, his daughter, took me over as a hanai aloha or adopted child because my father was married again now. He'd been married to a Hawaiian--pure-blooded Hawaiian--whom I loved very much but she divorced him. She didn't feel that a country girl like herself shall go among the people like the Baldwins and the rest that he was associated with because she was what they called kua'aina or country jake, so she left him. Then he married again, a nurse from California, and it was during that time that she didn't like me and I didn't want to cause trouble so I went with the von Tempskys, not legally adopted but hanai aloha.

M: How old were you at that point?

A: Seventeen, coming eighteen. So I stayed there with them and 'course I rode the range then with Uncle Louis von Tempsky and his family--Armine, Gwen, Lorna and Errol, the boy. They were all my adopted sisters and brother.

M: Robert von Tempsky. Which one . . .

A: Robert von Tempsky is the son of Louis von Tempsky's brother, Randall, who followed him here from New Zealand in the 1880's and Louis von Tempsky ended up as manager of Haleakala Ranch where he died finally in 1922.

Armine, of course, was the writer and Armine used to tell me I should write and my teachers at school told me I should write but I never seriously thought about it until in the 1930's. I was married in 1928, I had two sons, and then in the 1930's Gratia McConkey asked me if I would take over her place as a reporter and so on for the Maui

News and the Star-Bulletin and I did. And that was the beginning of my writing years.

I started out with a history of the hula. I started out with the history of Kahoolawe and those were just eaten up by the editors at the time--Ez [Ezra Jennings] Crane and Billam-Walker was my editor at the Star-Bulletin. Later it was Clarisse B. Taylor and all of them were eager for all these Hawaiian things that I had known from the Hawaiians themselves. A lot of people will question me today and say, "Well, what is your authority for what you're saying?" and I'll have to tell them, "The Hawaiians and the kamaaina," because I had never until this last year or two read a book on Hawaiian history. I got it all from my people--my adopted people. [See page 36]

And then I went ahead and I think it was in 1947 I wrote. . . . Well, the HVB [Hawaii Visitors Bureau] was bothering me forever. Mr. Damkruger and the rest of them, they'd call me, "Can't you take this party out? They're VIP's." I'd go with them for hours at a time and show them everything and tell them everything in Lahaina. And I don't say this because I want any credit for it, but if it had not been for me, Lahaina would have nothing. They were going to tear down the Baldwin house. I went to Frank Baldwin and he saved it. They were going to tear down the prison. I went to Harold Rice and he saved it. They were going to do a lot of things over there and had they done so, today Lahaina would have nothing except Lahainaluna School. You see what I mean? So for the past fifty years, you might say, I have worked to keep the Hawaiian heritage and the Hawaiian historic sites so that the Hawaiian people themselves would not lose their identity and will not lose their monuments to their ancestors.

So right now I'm most interested in what I'm doing. I went first about three or four years ago to Joe Bulgo who still is a councilman here on Maui and I got him interested. He took my cause to the mayor and I spoke to the mayor and the council and finally, after two years, the mayor came up with the money to finance what I called the Hui Hana Malama or the group saving and taking care of the historic sites. [Mayor: Elmer Cravalho]

M: Hui Hana Malama.

A: Right. And the contract called for my writing a book, so this last book that I've written is called Ke Alaloa Maui and it was written primarily for the Hawaiians but also for the mayor and company and they put me on a salary of three hundred dollars a month and I'm still working at that job as an advisor to the Hui Hana Malama and the mayor and the councilmen and anybody else who wants to work with us. I give lectures at the various schools. I've got many

young people interested. They want to work with us. Through the Hui Hana Malama the mayor hired the Bishop Museum on contract for six months. We've just finished that and Dr. [Kenneth P.] Emory, Dr. Sinoto, several others and particularly Lesley Bruce of the Bishop Museum staff have been working with our Hui.

I drove the county jeep around and everything, over the old lava flows and all over the countryside until finally my heart gave out again. During the war I was caught in San Francisco in 1942 and I couldn't get home so I got a job with the army in San Francisco. I had orders to come home in December. I'd gone down to 106 pounds, I was so sick, and the doctor said they'd better send me home or else pay for my funeral, so I came home in December of 1942 and I promised to work so I went to work for the U.S. Navy here at then Naval Air Station Puunene. It's gone now but Captain Murphy had built it first, immediately after December the 7th, and it was through him that I finally got the government to pay some attention to the claim that my father and Kahoolawe Ranch had. Anyway, I worked for them until 1946 in December. I had a heart attack and they said I wouldn't live but I did. And they said I'd be in a wheel chair the rest of my life but I put my spurs on and I kept going and I'm still going. I've got something to do. [Captain John Murphy, USN]

Last year I was driving the county jeep over these terrible roads and all of a sudden it hit me again and I had another heart attack and I've been in the hospital the last few months. I've been in there three times but I still am going. I keep taking pills and my heart keeps going, so I hope I'll finish this job. (A man says, "You forgot that you earned the navy's Meritorious Award.")

Oh yes, they gave me a Meritorious Award; the Coast Guard gave me recognition; the Marines gave me recognition. Who else? The U.S. Army gave me recognition. The kids have that. My sons, Angus and Jimmy, they have those things to think of while Mom did a little for the country.

But the thing that I've always been interested in and the things I want to see done now is that this Hui Hana Malama might keep going and somehow or another that through the county we can do this for the county. Now we are a working group.

It was I, when I was Girl Scout executive for about three years because we couldn't get anybody else. . . . I don't have the education for it but I did hold the job for three years. That was after that heart attack and everything and I think I worked for them from 1947 to '53 [1947 to 1951]. Then I went back to work for the army for awhile. But anyway, during the time that I was Girl Scout executive, Hollis Hardy came to me and he said, "Inez, we need a Historical Society for Maui." "Well," I said, "I'll

see what I can do." So I wrote to Miss [Bernice] Judd down there in Honolulu at that--I forget how you call that now. Where that frame building is with the old missionary building across from the [Iolani] Palace. The library and everything is in there. [Hawaiian Mission Children's Society] I wrote to her. She sent me the corporate papers which I turned over to Kitty [Mrs. Henry] Vincent, who at that time was president of the Maui Women's Club, and they sponsored the idea and they backed me up to start the Maui Historical Society.

I finally, then, through my work and my pleading with the legislature from Honolulu and getting Samuel Mo'okini. president of Hawaiian Civic Club, to talk to those legislators, we finally--under governors [Samuel Wilder] King and [Oren E.] Long--started the Historic Sites Commission and I was commissioner for Maui and Alice Spalding Bowen was commissioner for Oahu and Homer Hayes was commissioner for Hawaii and Miss [Mabel] Wilcox was commissioner for Kauai and we all worked together and on each island we saved historic sites. Now all of those reports are with those two governors. I mean, they should be down there in Honolulu.

The thing now is that the county can not move without the state. The state is the one that has to ask for funds to continue this kind of work. We can not do it in the county. It has to come through the State of Hawaii now and unless the state will help the county to have the money to go ahead and to hire the Bishop Museum and to keep on this work now, that will be the end of this three or four year's work that we've done--intensive work of relocating the sites listed by Walker's notes and Thrum and all the rest since the turn of the century. And we have gone over the entire area now and have found some new sites that they don't even have listed and unless we can go ahead with this work, everything we've done in this past three or four years under the mayor--Mayor [Elmer] Cravalho--and this present council will go for nothing. It'll die, just like Walker's notes and everything else that died, because the Historical Society can't do it. They haven't the money to do it and the Lahaina Foundation is on its own. It has, I believe, authority from Washington or something. It has something that we don't have anyway. So, unless the Hui Hana Malama can be recognized and the rest of us can go right along with the work that we've been doing--and this last six months, intensive work with the Bishop Museum--I don't know what's going to happen. (coughs)

M: Could you back up now and tell me some more about Ulupalakua?

A: What do you want to know about it?

M: Well, your . . .

A: (coughing) Turn this off while I get a drink. (recorder is turned off and on again) When I cough, I cough.

M: Back to 1907.

A: 1907?

M: Some of the things that happened or interesting, you know, experiences you had.

A: Well, of course, as champion roper of the world Dad was very important here. When he went to Parker Ranch with Eben Low he met all the paniolos--the cowboys--over there and among them was Ikua Purdy. His family had come out from England in the early days--1790's--under Kamehameha First and Ikua later was working for Dad at Ulupalakua. When I came home from school in 1922, he was working for Dad as foreman. Anyway, Dad taught him. You know, Dad learned a lot of things in Buffalo Bill's show and he was one of the fastest ropers and one of the best riders you ever saw and in style. He taught Ikua and Archie Kaaua and some more of them a lot of tricks of the trade sort of thing and Ikua became the champion roper of the world in 1908 and he's the only part-Hawaiian Hawaiian that has that title till today. That was one of the things that Dad did. And of course, then, Ikua also worked under Edward Baldwin. Some of Ikua's sons still are up at the ranch--Kauhi Purdy, Danny Purdy. There's quite a large family of children and grandchildren.

Then, I remember a man named Captain MacKenzie. I think he must have been an ex-seafarer and he had been the man who helped Captain James Makee to lay out the garden and everything that you see today at Ulupalakua. And then of course, my father and mother and I lived in the big house--the Makee house--where the Erdmans are today. And we had our servants there--Nakano and Tsuma--and we had a yardman. We had some Chinese working for us and, of course, we had the cowboys. My father had six cowboys to work.

He brought in wild cattle out of the forests. That was one of the jobs of the old-timers, you see, like Haleakala Ranch, Ulupalakua Ranch, Kaupo Ranch. The bosses and the men would go up into the forests and rope these wild cattle or shoot them, rope or shoot the wild hogs and the wild sheep and goats, rope horses and bring them out of there because the forest is a watershed and if it's gone, you're going to be poho water. You won't have any. So that was one of the things that all of us used to do.

There's a place up there now that they call the baseball park, up there at Polipoli, and the name of it is

Lua Hine-mau and that's one of the flats where we used to rope cattle. There and Lua-makika. We'd take the dogs and go up before sunup sometimes. We'd get up two o'clock in the morning and we'd go up and bring these wild cattle down. They'd come ahead of us and when they'd get down to this flat we'd rope them. There was no other way to do it and we didn't want to shoot them. We wanted to rope them because some of them we'd train to be pin-oxen and some of them we did use for beef afterward and so on, because every thing that you save, you're making money. And beside, those cattle were Andalusian cattle brought here by Vancouver in 1793 and '94.

M: Oh really?

A: Yeh, they were the descendants of those cattle and the horses were the descendants of the horses brought here in 1803 by Captain Richard Cleveland.

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They were descendants of those and, of course, the Andalusian horses and cattle in the United States and Mexico were originally from the conquistadores and the rest of those Spaniards in the 1500's, therefore, the horses brought here were descendants of that same lot of stock. And there is nothing better in the world than a Hawaiian-bred horse and I think the last person now today that has any of them--the last place--is Kaupo. One horse that Harry Baldwin gave to me was one of those horses, a beautiful gray horse. They were the best roping horses I ever sat on. Today I think there are a few left over there and they're very rare because today they bring in everything from thoroughbreds to quarterhorses and 'course times and everything have changed.

Well, we'd bring in these wild cattle and we had three teams of working ox, twelve each--that was thirty-six head we had--and they were tame as kittens, regular pets of the ranch. After we roped and tied these cattle to a tree or something, well, we'd send the boys up with these pin oxen, we called them when we used them to pin up the wild cattle to, and they'd take a swivel rope, with rope on two sides of the swivel, and you'd pin the tame oxen to the wild one and they'd bring the wild one home. Sometimes if the ox can't do anything else they'll kill the wild one but they'll come home. They like their home.

All of our supplies, even in 1925 when I left Ulupalakua, still most of our supplies were coming from Oahu aboard ship and the oxen went down to get them--to Makena --and that's how we always went . . .

M: Makena?

A: Makena. That's about three or four miles below the ranch house of Ulupalakua. Today it's becoming part of that new Wailea land deal. My goodness, all these malihinis coming in here with their ideas for hotels and high rises, I guess they'd make Makena and the country down there look something like Waikiki if they could. I hope that the Planning Commission will prevent that.

But anyway, there's a rain god up in the Ulupalakua garden that I love, and the Hawaiians used to come and put leis on it when we were in a drought and needed rain. They'd come and they'd respect this thing. It has two faces. I was talking to Eddie Brown not long ago. He was born and raised at Ulupalakua and he's older than I am now --he must be about seventy-six--and I said something about the rain god having been found when the Old Man Makee was having his land plowed at Ulupalakua and Eddie said, "Oh no." He said, "That rain god came from Kauai." I never knew that. I knew that Makee had a plantation on the Island of Kauai but I didn't know that. He said, "Yes." He said, "So far as I know, the name of the rain god is the same as the old name of that island. In other words, Ka-ua-'ai which means the rain-eater." So I learned something new in my old age too. (Lynda chuckles)

I remember one time when we were in a drought and my dad wasn't praying but his lips were moving and he was swearing, I'm sure. Our cattle were dying and he was going crazy. There was no rain. He was doing everything he could. In those days, a man really knew his land and how to keep going. You burned off your land at certain times and you reseeded at certain times and you kept out the weeds and all that. He had beautiful pastures at Ulupalakua and he would allow there nothing outside of pili grass, redtop later on, manienie--the mainstay, pualele and things like that. He wouldn't touch koa-haole. He thought it was a pest and it is.

Anyway, this rain god: one day I went down and I looked at that rain god and I was hot and my horse was sweating and I felt awful and I knew Dad was worried and everybody was sad at the ranch and here were all these leis and there was no rain. There was about six inches of water left in the fountain. I went over and I took two handfuls of that water and I threw it in both of his faces and I said, "Now make it rain!" And I got on my horse and I rode away in a fury. I was about--what?--nine years old. (Lynda chuckles) I said, "I'll show that rain god." I was saying my own prayers and all because Father Justin was our great friend. He used to come once in four or five weeks to say Mass and all that and my mother used to teach catechism. We were Catholics, see, but I still believed

in rain gods too. (laughter)

M: I was just going to say.

A: After all, I was raised with my Hawaiians, you know. But I was about over as far as Pu'u-mahoe, which is about maybe a mile and a half or two miles from the ranch house, when down came the thunder and the lightning and the rain and boy, did it pour. The horse and I were drenched and I rode back to the ranch and everybody was rejoicing. Even my mother was out in the garden, streaming wet and clapping her hands and singing because it was raining. So I went over to the rain god and apologized and thanked him and about a week later I went back and put something over him and I said, "Now please stop the rain because we're going to wash away if you don't" and by golly, it stopped that afternoon. (Lynda laughs) So you see why I believe in the Hawaiian spirits.

Anyway, all these Hawaiian spirits and everything, I knew them all, from the shark gods to the rain gods, to everything.

M: When you were at Ulupalakua in the early part were a lot of the people there Hawaiian?

A: They were all Hawaiians, except we had one tractor driver whose name was Caesar. I think he was Portuguese-Hawaiian. We had a Portuguese-Hawaiian ox-team driver and we had a Japanese stableman, a Japanese dairyman, two Japanese servants at our house and a Japanese yardman and a Chinese second cook and yardman. Outside of that, they were all pure-blooded Hawaiians so far as I know, except Jerry Burns. He was part-white and his wife was pure Hawaiian. And Guy Goodness. He was part-Portuguese and Spanish and part-Hawaiian. His old home, Jerry Burns's old home, are still there at Kanaio above the church. Kanaio, you know, beyond Ulupalakua.

M: Um hm. Did all these people live right there on the ranch?

A: They all lived there, around, and some of them had a little kuleana and, of course, there's 23,000 acres of homestead lands in that Kahiki-nui area but there're no Hawaiians up there now because it's too hard to get water in there and I don't think. . . . They're too highly educated to want to go back to the land, I think, because none of them want to come in and go through the rough life that we knew.

M: What was Ulupalakua like when your father first came? I mean, how well-developed was it?

A: Well, I don't remember exactly the number of head of cattle they had at the ranch there but most of them were scrubs and most of them were half-wild and, as I say, a lot of them were gone wild up in Auwahi and Polipoli and around. We had six cowboys and my father spayed the heifers, castrated the young bulls, brought in new blood--purebred cattle--started a herd of polled Angus, the cattle that he knows and found out they're the best cattle for foraging and so on. They go through droughts in this country. Except you have very fine pastures and so on, the Hereford is not so tough as the polled Angus--as the Black Angus stock. That's what we used at Kahoolawe too. They were the only ones that could survive over there. We finally took off nine hundred head in 1938 or '39 and sold them at ninety dollars a head. That's when we took all the cattle off and all we left over there was the thoroughbred mares and their foals and I had to get Admiral [Chester] Nimitz to help us to get those mares off of there in January of 1942. They even took our ship, the government.

Well anyway, to get back to Ulupalakua, it was mostly horse trails. Nobody owned a car in those days. You went everywhere on horseback. To come to Wailuku, we used to ride down toward Makena and across Palauea and all those places into Kihei and there you could rent a Ford jitney, a little car there at the store--Kihei Store. Ah Sue was running the store then--he was a Chinese man--and you could ride in that car into Wailuku. It wasn't until the 1920's that my father had a car over there. None of us owned cars. And you stayed there; you didn't go always.

We used to go to Honolulu because my mother's sister and the Eben Lows and others lived there. Mother would get lonely and she'd say, "Well, I'm going to Honolulu," so she'd go. And when we went, I had to take my pony with me. I wouldn't go without him. And all this kind of thing.

M: Would you come to Wailuku to get the steamer?

A: Oh no, we rode by horseback down to Makena and the cowboys would take your luggage down on packhorses and take your horses back after you went and you caught the Mauna Kea when she came in around midnight to two in the morning. She'd come in from Hawaii. We'd go down to Honolulu from Makena. She also stopped at Lahaina and Molokai.

In 1908 when we came to Maui, my mother and I, my father already was here and had taken this job at Ulupalakua as manager. When we came over, we left about ten o'clock in the morning and got to Lahaina about four or five in the afternoon. You see, the ship used to stop at every port of call then, at Molokai, Lanai and so on and then come into Lahaina, then come over to Makena. The queen and her party were aboard and that's the day I said

goodbye to the queen [Liliuokalani]. And that's the day, as she was leaving the ship to go ashore at Lahaina, my mother and I were saying goodbye and she put her hands on my shoulders and then she said to me, "My dear, you will live in my land. This is your home. Help my people." I never knew what it meant to help her people, outside of trying to be a decent, good example, until I began to write and it's through my writings that I have finally brought a good many Hawaiians and others to the realization that if you're going to keep Hawaii Hawaii, and the Hawaiians are going to have any background, they've got to know it.

I know things today that nobody knows because I paid attention to the old folks but the children going to school today, they look down on the old folks and they don't want to learn, so they're poho. They don't know anything. But I was different and for my lessons I was going to Punahou School and Miss Winne was my teacher. I was in the second grade there. Second, third grade, fourth grade, I guess, I forget. [1907-09] As part of my lessons I could write my stories that my Kahu Kina'u told me. I could write them for my English lesson and so on. That's how I come to remember all this stuff because I wrote as well as heard it.

In 1908 I saw for the first time, as we were going to the old Kahiki-nui house. . . . Now that house was built by a man by the name of Antone Pico, we called him. He was married to a chiefess. His ship was wrecked here at Nu'u and he brought ashore all the lumber he had that he could find and there ashore he built that Kahiki-nui house there. And that's where we used to go and stay. He also built three cisterns. He had a dairy and all that land had belonged to his chiefess wife. Then this fellow, Vierra Marciel, he also was shipwrecked or jumped ship. He came and he was with Pico and then he married the sister of that chiefess and he started what is now Kaupo Ranch. I didn't know Pico but I knew all the rest of them as a young one.

Well anyway, we were going over to Kahiki-nui this time--this was about a twenty-five mile horseback trip in those days by trail--and we came to this place at Puaniani below Luala'ilua Hills and there were some ruins and the cowboy said to me, "This is your place." And I said, "Why?" He said, "Well, this is the Santa Ynez shrine and in Spanish your name is this name, Santa Ynez." So I made up my mind that I would save that Catholic shrine.

You see, there was Helio Koaeloa, there was his brother Peter Mahoe, there was, oh, half a dozen and Joseph Kanui who had gone to England with the King Kamehameha the Second in 1823, I believe it was, and died there. Kanui went on to the mother house of the Sacred Hearts in Paris and studied for about twelve years. When he came

to Maui, Helio Koaeloa already was teaching catechism at this place I'm talking about beyond Ulupalakua and they and this man Pico built this little chapel and this little house and there they taught catechism.

At one time, David Malo and some more of the Protestants went over and arrested the whole outfit and took them around barefooted through Hana to Wailuku for trial because they weren't sending their children to Protestant schools and studying that religion. They couldn't have a trial because there were about a thousand people accumulated by them. They called it the pa'akaula or tying with ropes. Well, I heard all this about this Santa Ynez shrine. It's still there.

In 1963, I think it was, I finally, through the help of Gregg Baldwin of Ulupalakua, who was leasing the land from the Hawaiian Homesteads, and the Hawaiian Homesteads and the Catholic Church under Monsignor Kekumano, I finally got that place recognized again. It's still on the map and it's still an historic shrine. I waited from 1908 till 1962 or '63 to get that done. Now you see, all these years I have had to wait, as I'm waiting now. Can it go on? Can we save them? [Gregg is Gregory Baldwin.]

And then, of course, in those days everything was a trail. When I went back there three or four years ago to live, my husband and I, I said to Kauhi Purdy one day, "Gee, I 'd like to borrow a horse from you and go out through the old trails," and he said, "Inez, you couldn't find your way. They're all overgrown. Today we use jeeps; we very seldom use horses. They use them in the pens for roping and things like that but everything's changed." And he said, "You wouldn't find your way. The old trails are gone." And this is true. We have a macadam road going into Ulupalakua now. All the people there have cars.

There was no such a thing even when we took them all down to the fair. My father started the first Maui County Fair with the help of Professor Krauss and the Maui Racing Association but at my father's suggestion. The first fair was held at Wells Park in Wailuku in 1916 and it was such a success that later it was incorporated and became the Maui County Fair and Racing Association, which it remains today.

All these things are ancient history but forgotten, like everything else is forgotten. We live for today, but unless you remember yesterday, you can't plan for tomorrow. You remember the good things of yesterday. If you live for today you may never see tomorrow, but if you plan for tomorrow a little. . . . And my plan is that one of these days, instead of just having the beautiful Pua'aka'a Park or the Kaumahina Park that the state has put in--they're beautiful places--but you will also have a park like I want there at Kailua where the old Girl Scout camp used to be and they

called it Camp Pokue-land after Mr. Pogue. [See page 37]

If you take that pool and that gulch and part of Hanawana and you take the heiau up above the road and you take the heiaus down below the road to Pu'ukoa'e by Hoalua Gulch, you could have one of the most magnificent parks in the world for people to ride horses and all, but you'd have to have a caretaker, now.

Everything over at Kahiki-nui, you can take that 23,000 acres of Hawaiian Village with its old fishing trails and its house sites and its heiaus and everything else before it's too late and its burial caves and everything and it would incorporate that with the national park --Haleakala Park. I've talked to rangers about this. You would have a Hawaiian Village there, also with a caretaker, all the way down to the beach. And you could teach the people how to live again off the land, whether it was dry land or wet land. You can live off the land. There's no reason why we have to depend on an outside country; and a strike can cut us off from our provisions. There's no need for this in Hawaii. This is an agricultural land. It always will be. I don't care how much you try to make a resort country of it. A resort area is a place that depends on visitors and the people who live here have to depend on themselves and stand on their own feet and we all know this.

My father told me years ago, he said, "It's going to come to the day when you'll see that the people are so lazy and so involved that they won't have their own gardens, they won't have their own cows, and this and that and they'll be cut off." Well, we were cut off in the war. We've been cut off by strikes, and there it is. We have to depend on ourselves in Hawaii and it's the residents who have to do it, not the visitors who pay a few dollars here and there. They say, "Thousands of visitors, thousands of dollars coming in. Thousands of dollars from the army and navy and the rest of it coming into our economy and our commerce here." But by god, when it comes down to the basic--the thing of the whole idea--it's the people who live here. It's Portuguese in Makawao; Japanese somewhere else; Caucasians somewhere else that are having their own places and their own cattle and their own this and that and they can live regardless of what happens. And all Hawaii shall be like this, not like Waikiki, and some day they're going to know it for certain and this I prophesy: someday these islands will be like Kahoolawe, as my father said. There won't be enough water. [See page 37]

They're going to go through now--they're planning that Highway 3. I've been working with Mrs. Richard Baldwin and the rest of them, writing everybody I could think of, including the governor and Washington, begging them not to put that Highway 3 through there [Moanalua]. I can

remember going with my Aunt Molly and the rest of them in a surrey back in 1907 to 1909 when we left here, my mother and I. My aunt used to go out to that convent out Makiki there, out by where the Wilson Tunnel is now. There's a convent that used to take care of the leper children, and my aunt and a lot more people used to go out and sew and help them out there. And when I'd be out there I'd talk to the old folks and they would tell me how that whole area at the end of that Moanalua Valley is a burial place, one of the most sacred of burial places in this whole Hawaiian Islands. And they want to cut through it. And not only that, the whole area under there is that basalt rock that holds the water. When they cut in through that, all the waters go out in that--what is it, Waianui? Over there by Kaneohe side anyway. The whole of that water is going to spread out. You watch and see if this doesn't happen because all the springs, all the ponds, all of the running streamlets, when they cut through that Moanalua Valley I'm in fear for what's going to happen to Oahu's water.

M: Yeh. Well, that's right where I live.

A: Well, you must have about enough now, eh?

M: No, I want you to continue. (both chuckle) I want you to talk some more about--about anything. How about picking it up when you came back?

A: In 1915?

M: Yeh.

A: All right.

M: What was your father doing then?

A: He had Kahakuloa Ranch.

M: Oh yeh. (long pause)

A: If it wasn't such a little room and all, I'd like to smoke a cigarette, but . . .

M: Go ahead.

A: Oh no, it smells awful in these little rooms, doesn't it?

M: No, go ahead.

A: I have hay fever when I come down here.

END OF SIDE 2/1ST TAPE

BEGINNING OF SIDE 1/2ND TAPE

A: That doesn't mean that I agree with the modern ecologists. For instance . . .

M: I don't either, not if you really want to grow something. (laughs)

A: I certainly don't believe that the cane fires do any harm to anybody. I do believe that the mill run-off, like in 'Iao Stream and Launiu flood basin, is just awful. That kills the fish and the limu and the shellfish and everything else. The reefs die up to four miles on each side of those stream beds. That's bad. But H.C. & S. [Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company] got rid of their waste and I think the others will follow as soon as they have the money. [Cane waste can be converted to canec, et cetera. IA]

But to get back again to 1915, Dad had Kahakuloa Ranch at that time and the Maui Meat Market and, as I say, we lived there in a house just near Bill Chillingworth, there above the Good Shepherd Church on Main Street. And he had the Bismark Stables which Richardson had had years before that when he had a hack service. And we also had race horses. I've seen Dad go out and use a scraper on the race track at Kahului in order to keep the races going on a New Year's Day or something. He and the Baldwins and some more of them, they all kept that race track going and the fair going and everything going.

I don't know. People today don't realize what these old-timers did for Maui and how they built it up and how they were ecologists as well as everything else.

Wailuku in those days--Main Street and part of Market Street had macadam in 1915 and we were very discouraged because it's hard on horse's hoofs and not many people had cars even then. I had my first automobile ride when Eben Low brought us from the old Alameda at the pier in Honolulu out to Moiliili in a car because the ship was late and we had to get out to the ball park there to have this show. That was my first automobile ride and I didn't like them. I liked horses. We all had wonderful carriages and buckboards and all kinds and we had saddlehorses while I was still out to school.

Now the old train--the old Kahului Railroad which was the first railroad on the islands here, I guess; it was the first on Maui. The old depot's still in Wailuku there and when I was staying with Dad I'd go down to the depot with the rest of them--Tweet Robinson and Ella Bal and the rest of the kids--and we'd get on the train there and Mr. Holland was the conductor and we'd ride from there to

Hamakua Poko and then the train would go on to Haiku and turn around somehow or something and go back to Kahului.

When I was staying at the beach house, Kai-nalu, or at Makawao with the von Tempskys, we rode horseback to school from Makawao to Hamakua Poko to Maui High School. Today, the kids don't want to do anything. In those days the kids walked or rode a horse. They didn't have any other way to go. Now you have to pay their bus fare. They won't walk. They have to have their lunch. We carried our own or went without. You know, things have changed.

Then the next thing they did was to put in the rest of the Main Street road, down past the Maui Soda Works, down along Makawela Beach and into Kahului. That macadam ended where the bank is now at the Puunene Avenue turnoff. That was the end of the macadam until the 1920's.

Then the next thing you hear, we got macadam all the way up to Makawao into the ranch country and the next thing you hear, we've got a road up to the top of Haleakala. Visitors were coming who would look over the edge of the crater and say, "What a big hole in the ground that is." (Lynda chuckles) To us it was--to us we had the Mele O Namahele.

The name of that mountain is not House of the Sun. The name of that mountain is the mountain consecrated to and by the sun. That's the name of that mountain. And the god spirits up there. The Hawaiians believe in one God, but they also believe in God's spirit working as spirits they've named, such as Pele. Pele operates the volcanoes. Well, God does that but in the Hawaiian's imaginative eye, he gives a name to it. It's Pele; Pele the unpredictable, the woman with the wild eyes and so on. It's alive to them.

It's the same with the rain. It's the same with the winds. Every rain, every wind, every star, everything has a name in Hawaiian and it applies to what God's spirit is working in that particular thing. And to us, the crater was the home of Pele--Pele the God-spirit of the volcanoes. And today they call one place there the "bottomless pit." The name of it is Ke-ana-wili-nau, meaning the twisting pit. And her sister, Namakaokahai, who has the surface of the ocean and rules the surface of the ocean, tidal waves and so on, she's the one that bored up through there into the crater and she and Pele had a fight there at Lele-iwi by the old Crater House. The body of Pele was killed but her spirit went to Halemaumau where it lives till today. And the dog of Pele, he took the bones from there and he took them over to Hamoa and the hill called Puu-ka-iwi-o-Pele--the hill of Pele's treasures or bones--was the place where her bones were buried, looking toward Hawaii where she is now.

They are spirits to us. They are God manifesting Himself so that we human beings, children of His, understand Him. Like a guardian angel came from Him. In fact, your ancestral spirits are your guardian angels, your 'aumakua. You can ask them, "Help me," and they do. For instance, if you are of the shark, the shark will help you. I know how many Hawaiians have been saved by a shark and they know his name. It's the embodiment of an ancestral spirit who, by the power of God, is allowed to come back and save that person in the sea.

Old Napaipai is one of them. Ernest Napaipai. His outrigger came off his canoe and it turned over and he was going out to Kealaikahiki--he was going with the currents; keauka, going out--and he couldn't get into the incoming current, keaumiki, so he thought, "Well, this is it, I'm dying." He was an Episcopalian. All of a sudden to his mind came the name of his 'aumakua shark and he said a prayer. He called that name and the shark came beside him and he took hold of that shark and it brought him in by Kamehameha III School to the beach there, Keawaiki Harbor. I'm not kidding. I know this from how many people.

I know one of the cowboys at Ulupalakua when I was a child--he's dead a long time now--he had his shark. I've seen him do it. He'd go down and call that shark. And underneath that hill at Pu'u Ola'i--Earthquake Hill--is a shark cave and there lived Kamohoalii, the King of the Sharks, the brother of Pele. And under that hill the sharks will come. You call a name and that shark comes. The old man used to feed it awa root and coconut, et cetera and scrape the barnacles off of its hide while it lay there like a great hog having its hide scratched. Now I've seen this and am not lying.

There was a woman near Mala. Right across from Buzz's is a little house. Some malihini lives there now but this old woman lived there. Her shark used to come in and she used to talk to it and feed it and scratch its back right there at the place across from Buzz's in Lahaina. And that's not so many years ago. I think she died in the 1930's. They all called her a kahuna. They do if you can do anything. They called me a kahuna too because if you know things that they don't know, "Oh, that's a kahuna. Look out for that one."

Well, it isn't kahuna. It isn't that. I wouldn't understand what kahuna-ism is because today you hear of ESP and you hear of a lot of things. You hear of how the Hindus do miracles too: when the spirit can go and walk in Hana but the body is sitting here on this couch? How you call that? (a man says, "Bilocation") Bilocation. I've known people that can do that too. The old man is asleep on the couch here but over in Hana he's boss on his job as a road supervisor. I know that too and this is not make-

believe.

I have not seen it myself but I know how many who have seen it. When I used to ride Dad's race horses from the Wailuku area--we had corrals and we had a little pasture there where all the houses are now--I used to get on those race horses one at a time and I'd take them, maybe I'd lead one or two, and take them down through the sand hills through Waiehu, Waihee. In those days it was all taro patches, not so much cane as now and no more houses as now. Clear down to Kehoni, which is now the Waiehu Golf Course, was all Hawaiians then. How many of those people have told me, and showed me along that ridge that comes in now to the two heiaus, Pi'ihana Kalani and Haleki'i there at the Paukukalo Ridge; have seen their ancestors and the chiefs in the Night March that they call the 'O'io or the Huaka'ipo. They've seen them and they heard their music and they can talk to them and I believe it. I have not seen it myself but I believe it because I do believe that the spirits live. I don't believe that they die and I believe that God allows them to remain here sometimes to help people; ones that they still love. And so believing in an 'aumakua shark or something is nothing new to me. I believe in it.

My son wanted the 'aumakua of the shark and the Old Man Alapa'i Kekahuna from Wailua over there, he was in hospital. I was working at the Memorial Hospital--switchboard operator to help them out. That's when they first opened. I saw his name on the card so I went down to see him. I took him Lahaina Story to read. I said, "I want to know how you think as a Hawaiian about this book." Well, we became friends and all his family. So I asked him one time, "My son wants the 'aumakua of the shark. Can you share it with him or not?" He said, "No, can not." He said, "It has to come to you." So, okay. That was that.

My son, the night before he left for Korea as a pilot in the Air Force, on the way home, at the sacred place, Haha-kea, between Lahaina--between Mala and what they call Kaanapali today--is the place where the owl-god, so-called, used to be. Right at that place he found an owl on the road and he brought it home and the next morning he said to me, "Mom, I found an owl. I think it's hurt. I took things out of the meat-safe and put the owl in the safe." So I went out and here's the little Hawaiian owl, a little pueo. It was the sweetest thing. I took it to the veterinarian and he couldn't find anything wrong with it so I brought it home and I kept it. It seemed kind of thin and starved. I kept it for a month.

I was working nights then. I was coming home at twelve o'clock. I'd get to Lahaina about twelve o'clock. I was coming past Ukumehame and I had my rosary in my hand

--I was saying my rosary for Jimmy and for all of us--and an owl appeared out of nowhere from the direction of Ukumehame and looked me right in the eye. Of course, I slowed the car down now. I don't want to hit the owl. It circled the car two or three times, flew right beside me--the window was open--and then turned around and came in front of the car again and then went up. So I thought to myself, "Ah, this is Jimmy's 'aumakua. Must be I'm going to hear from him but I hope it's good. I think it's good because the owl is not hurt." When I got home that night, the first letter from Jimmy was there. Charles [Ashdown, her husband] had left it on the oven there in the kitchen for me to see. The first letter. That happened three times, before the letters came.

Another time later on, my older son [Angus Francis] and his wife were over in the States. I didn't even know that anybody was sick or anything, but Charles was driving Gwen's car home and I was driving our own, or visa versa, up the Pukalani Road and Charles stopped and he said, "Here's an owl." And when I picked it up it was all bloody. It was bad. Oh boy, it scared me something awful because I know now something is coming, but this is God's way--because I understand it this way--to let me know that something is going to come. If it's death or what, at least I'll be prepared. I took the owl home. It died that night so I took it out--we have a big tree at the ranch--and I put it in the crotch of that tree and I said, "Pueo, you fly back now." The next day we got a phone call from my son. His wife had almost died, bleeding to death from an operation. She'd had a miscarriage and they'd had to operate and she had nearly died.

Now these things happen to you. You have no explanation and nobody has to believe you but in your heart you know these things. These I learned not only from the Hawaiians since I was seven years old or eight years old but from my own people and from the Indians back in Wyoming with whom my family were very close. We were always, I guess because my family too were chieftans in the old days of England and Scotland and Ireland and the rest. I suppose that somehow it's still in us. As my grandmother used to say, that I am fey. Look out. Take good care of me, I'm fey. In Scots, that means that you're second-sighted or something. But these things I know and these things I've heard since I used to ride the horses from Wailuku towards Pohakuloa.

When anybody's going to die in our family, from the time I was a little girl I'd know this. In the Talbot family and in the MacPhee family, whenever anybody's going to die, even if it's in the mid of winter and there's no dove in sight, except the birds and snowbirds or what are there. To the window will come a dove and try to get in

the window and you know the person is going to die. And the Hawaiians are like that. So these things I know from the days when I was a child and these things I'm telling you because you're looking now for information. You're a writer like myself. You want to know things. You go to the base; you go to the foundation. You go to the old folks and you'll learn and you'll learn much of beauty, as I have done since I was a child riding with the cowboys over at Ulupalakua. Plenty, plenty spirits over there, still float in the air there. Over at Kahoolawe and over at Ulupalakua, still till today.

I remember one time at Ulupalakua when we were having a drought--maybe it was the same time I insulted the rain god--but I was riding along and I had just my horse, I was bareback, no dog with me, and in the front of me stood a dog all of a sudden--a big black dog. It looked at me and I followed it and it went ahead of me and I found a spring and the dog disappeared. I never saw the dog again. I went back, I told the Hawaiians what has happened. "Ah! You saw the dog of Pele." Now the name of that spring is Waiaka'ilio, the water of the dog.

A long time ago was a lava flow. Pele came there as an old woman. The people refused to give her water and she shook the earth and the only one that gave her water was this one girl. She said, "Here Mother, you are older than I am. You take my water." That was the only one who was left from that lava flow, was that one woman. And when it was all over and only her house was there and her own garden on this place and everything else was covered with black steaming lava, then she was praying and came a black dog. The dog was soaking, sopping wet and shook itself and she tasted the water and it was fresh water, not salt, and the dog bounded and she followed that dog and when she came to the spring, there was the fresh water. Till today that spring still is there. Till today there're three springs by that same name and everybody has a different story for every spring.

But the one that I know, there was growth in the days that I first saw it; there was awa, there were bananas, there were ferns, everything, and it grows down in this black sandy lava and it's very shiny. And the sun shines down onto there, ooh, the beautiful water cold as ice and then all these things growing around it, you see, right in the middle of the lava, not a thing growing anywhere else, you know. Beautiful! But all these things mean so much to you.

And it's the same with the crater. When you go there or when you go into 'Iao Valley. Gosh, it was when?--in the 1100's. I learned this in 1915 when I was living in Wailuku. I used to ride up the old trail in the 'Iao Valley. Plenty people were living there too that time and

there was some cane--Wailuku Sugar Company, of course--and I loved to go up there because there was a feeling of wonderful peace in that valley and the water was running. There're not very many running streams and I often missed the running streams of Wyoming. And it was a pleasant place and up there I learned.

There were two kings, brothers--Kaka'alaneo who lived in Lahaina there where the Sheraton Hotel is now at the leaping soul place and one over here. He became a hermit. He lived up 'Iao Valley. He designated that valley as a sacred valley of kings and there the last one, so far as we know today, was Kekaulike. He died in 1736, I think, and he was the last one whose bones were taken there and hidden, because the wars had started under Pi'ilani's sons and under the family of Umaliloa. The wars had started under greedy chiefs. People had to hide. They hid their bones because if they had the 'aumakua of something or another and the chief heard that, he'd even kill them and take the bones to make fish hooks to bring him mana. It was a bad time during the wars. They call it the Hundred Year's War today. One of them was that Battle of the Sand Hills right here, 1775 or '76. Kahekili was king and his brother-in-law, Kalaniopuu of Hawaii, came and he made that battle.

All of these places where you go, if you'll listen, but today they don't listen. They take radios with them. They have to have noise. They don't listen to the gods; that is, the spirits of the wind, the spirits of the sea. They don't want to hear that beautiful music. You don't hear the water. You have hot dog stands in Iao Valley, the sacred burial place of kings!

M: You're kidding. I haven't been up there yet.

A: Oh my god, it would break your heart if you were as old as I am to see what is happening in this country. Waikiki, when we used to drive there, we had to drive. . . . I don't know if you know Honolulu but my uncle had also been a quartermaster for the government with my father and instead of going up to Alaska, Uncle George Knight came here from the Spanish-American War. The old government corrals were on the Iwilei Road beyond the old prison. Today it's so changed I don't even know where the old place was. We used to drive from there in the surrey, driving the big, black mare. We'd go in along King Street out to Kalakaua and out to Waikiki. On both sides of Kalakaua Avenue, there then were the swamps and the taro patches and the rice paddies and the Chinese in their costumes and the Hawaiians in theirs. They were great for inter-marrying, those Chinese that first came here, and they had their rice paddies there. They had everything. All the wild

birds. You went out to Waikiki, Prince Kuhio had a place out there and Queen Liliuokalani and other royalty. Governor [Sanford B.] Dole had a place out there, I guess about in the same area as Doris Duke's place is now. I forget exactly. There was the Elks Club out there and when you went, all the Hawaiians would help you with the surfboards and the canoes and talk story and it was so beautiful, the smell of the lipoa. And today you go on Kalakaua Avenue and all you can smell is gasoline and hot dogs and everything else. It is no more the Hawaii I knew and sometimes, when you think of the old Hawaiians, how must they feel? But of course, most of them are dead now. There're very few left alive. I know a few who are in their nineties now and they love to talk about the old days.

But Ulupalakua today is quite different than it was. They have other grasses in there now that they've imported since Edward Baldwin was there.

M: Did your father stay on? When did your father actually quit as manager?

A: He left there in 1923 and he started a feed lot down at Makena. And then it wasn't so good going there so he went over and went back to work for the Maui Agricultural Company. Harry Baldwin was a very close friend of my father. They may say today that Harry Baldwin lost a lot of money. I understand that when the whole thing was done, that the whole loss of Kahoolawe Ranch Company, after Harry came in with us, was around $300,000. We'd only put in $38,000 or $40,000, as I said, and 'course after that it was Harry's money. He built the second ship we had and then, of course, the government took her over in the war and they paid the ranch $13,000 for her--that was a half of her cost--and then after the war, Sam King wrote and told us that the ship was for sale by the government and we could get her for $9,000. One of the best work-ships in the world, after the Kahoolawe Maru, and we didn't have $9,000 to buy her and we couldn't get back to Kahoolawe--they wouldn't let us go--so other than fishing what's the good of the ship to us, you see. So that was that.

But you know, not only Kahoolawe did we lose. I fought the government. Captain Murphy told me how to go about it and I went after the government for Dad for $80,000 loses because Joseph Wechsler from Washington said, "Make it around $80,000 and you might get half of it or a third of it." So we put it $80,000 and two of our cowboys came and signed with us to make it true what we said is right, how many tanks we put up and everything else. Anyway, finally, through Wechsler and the rest of them after my father had died in 1948 and after they broke the lease

under [President Dwight D.] Eisenhower in 1953. . . . It would have run till 1954 and then they were supposed to add the war years onto the lease, plus some more years for us to go ahead with the ranch. Well, they didn't do it. They broke the lease in '53.

Anyway, finally, through the Bureau of Internal Revenue, they gave me $5,000 and about a year or two later, when Charles was very sick and my mother also was very sick and I was kind of on my own and the sons were away off at college and one of them was married already, they asked me for that $5,000 back plus interest because they said I didn't have proof enough that my homestead-land money was put into Kahoolawe.

Well, I went to Walter Cameron and I said, "Walter, for god's sake, where are the Kahoolawe papers so I can prove what I told them?" "Oh," he said, "Mr. Bissett destroyed those papers when Harry Baldwin became a partner. It became the Kahoolawe Ranch Company. There was no need for your father's papers. They've been destroyed." Boy, was I ever sunk now. I got nothing, you see. I got no proof and my name was not on the lease anyway. See, my father made the new lease with Harry. [Leslie Bissett]

Well, I didn't have $5,000. I didn't know what to do. My husband was sick. I didn't want to bother the kids. There were examinations coming up at school. I went ahead and I tried to sell the place. I asked $22,500. It ended up my selling the place for $17,500.

M: What place?

A: Today it's called the Carlette Surf and the rental price of it is $7.50 a square foot and the place is worth $285,000. And I had to sell it to pay the government that $5,000.

M: This was where you were living at that time.

A: No, the house that we built.

M: Oh! Where?

A: At Mahinahina Kai, just by Kahana, Maui.

M: Ohh.

A: So, you see . . .

END OF SIDE 1/2ND TAPE

(a man, probably Charles Ashdown, says, "You know where the Carlette Surf is?")

M: No.

A: Before you come to Kahana, the north side of Lahaina, before you come to Honokowai. (Mr. Ashdown asks Lynda, "How long have you been on Maui?")

M: This is my first trip here.

A: You really don't know who I'm talking about, then.

M: No.

A: My husband was working for Baldwin Packers. He started out as a timekeeper on a horse, taking time in the fields, and ended up assistant manager and then manager of the office under David T. Fleming.

M: At where?

A: At Honolua Ranch. Honolua Ranch today and Baldwin Packers is now the Honolua division of the Maui Pineapple Company and Mr. Fleming is the one who worked there I believe from 1912 [1915] and he said, "I'll go with one condition, that you'll let me make it into an agricultural pineapple place rather than a cattle ranch." And he did. It all belonged to the Baldwins at one time but now, I believe, other stockholders are in on it. But he did a marvelous job, did D. T. Fleming.

M: When you came back after you got married, you didn't have anything further to do with Ulupalakua?

A: Oh no. No. Edward Baldwin was manager by then.

M: What'd your father do?

A: My father was still working for Harry Baldwin and then he was retired and he lived in a house up at Haiku, across from the old H. P. Baldwin place where Dwight Baldwin lived at that time--where Mrs. Dwight Baldwin still lives till today in Haiku, right above the old first mill that H. P. Baldwin built in Haiku. And Dad died July 16, 1948. He would have been seventy-four years old on August the 9th. He was born in 1874 on his father's ranch in Wyoming. 1874 he was born in Wyoming. (Mr. Ashdown says something about the government and World War II)

Good heavens, of all those people that lost money or were put out of business because of the war, who were of Japanese ancestry and so on, everybody else in the whole Territory of Hawaii was paid back except Kahoolawe Ranch. Every one of them. (Mr. Ashdown says, "You know, it's not

a case of sour grapes, but, sit up where we are up at Ulupalakua and look down and watch them bombing Kahoolawe . . .") Well, I don't mind them bombing Kahoolawe. I belong to the committee trying to get Kahoolawe back from the United States Navy and so on and I do believe that it would make a wonderful place to go to. I, of course, would have liked to have gone back and ranched again and fished again over there as we did before because I know I could make money. But you know, I'm kind of afraid now that the navy might give it up because, according to the plans that are being made by malihini here now, they want to make a second Las Vegas out of Kahoolawe. You put a bunch of hotels there and the last clean place in the territory of Hawaii is Kahoolawe. There's no sewage going from the island; there's no poison spray; there's nothing. There's just the clean land and the clean sea, except for what the army and navy have done to it or the marines, whoever's going in there now and bombing. They've been bombing since 1939 over there.

When we subleased it at a dollar a year to the United States Armed Forces, we never thought that they would ever come beyond the south tip of the island. That's all we subleased to them. That's when we took the cattle off so that if any of the fellows did miss, that they wouldn't kill our stock. And of course, in 1942 we took the mares off with Admiral Nimitz's help. We had to go get the Maizie-C, our own sampan, from the U. S. Engineers to go and get our horses on Kahoolawe in 1942. [See page 37]

But, as I say, I would prefer that the United States Navy will keep the island and do just what they're doing if they'll help to reforest it, if they'll take care of it and if they'll keep it clean. I would rather the navy will have it than if they'll turn it into a second Las Vegas. I don't want that. That is a sacred island. That island belongs to Kanaloa, god of the ocean and of death.

M: Sometimes the military has had that effect, like Fort DeRussy area in Waikiki.

A: Yeh, I don't want them to take that away from the army either.

M: Yeh, if that were anybody else's, it'd be covered with high rises.

A: I know it would. Well, I've got nothing against the government as such. The United States, it's my country; I was born here. I have nothing against it. I did for awhile. I was very resentful. I hated everybody. It made me sick. My hate, my disappointment, my frustration was so terrible. I think, maybe, I was a little off my rocker

for awhile because everything that I had planned from the time I was a kid was gone now. They took it away from me. I wasn't going to manage Kahoolawe Ranch for Dad and Harry. I wasn't even allowed there anymore. Oh boy, it was hard to take. But it's all gone now, as I say.

The other night they called me up from the HVB [Hawaii Visitors Bureau] office here in Wailuku. They said that this Mike Douglas Show wants to film Honolua area over there at the other side of Lahaina and they called me up and asked me, "Do you know anything about Honolua? Is there any place of interest there?" "Why," I said, "the place is full of history. The place is full of historic sites and all." "Oh, well, could you tell us?" So I wrote for Lily Tam about four or five pages and I sent a copy of that to Colin Cameron because a long time ago I promised Colin Cameron that I would write everything I knew about Honolua so that he would have it on record but I hadn't done it yet. I've been awful busy with all these jobs.

But anyway, I happened to hear in Honolulu this last week or so that Channel 2 with that Mike Douglas Show on and he told the nicest story about Kauai. Well now, if he'll do that for Honolua it would be wonderful. It would be fine. And I wish that he'd do a story for Kahoolawe and I wish that he and that Don Ho that is so popular right now would sing that song "Aloha, Kahoolawe." I wrote the words in English. Pilahi Paki translated it into Hawaiian and Irmgard Farden Aluli put it to music and it was accepted, but nobody's ever done anything with it. But if this Mike Douglas could get ahold of that song and popularize it, we might get some money, you know. It's a good song. It's a good hula tune too.

Kahoolawe's old name was Kanaloa. It belonged to Kanaloa. Now, Kanaloa was a man but Kanaloa also was a god. Kane, Ku and Kanaloa. Lono. And that is a fishing island. Not so much agriculture as fishing. That was where Kuamoanaha, one of the great seers, one of the great kahuna for teaching navigation, astronomy, astrology, all of that, fishing--he lived there and if you wanted to know about that kind of thing, you had to go to Kahoolawe and live there and study under him. Now this is a long time ago. The little white flower--the hinahina flower that belongs to Kahoolawe--it's not that gray, dull beard [Spanish or Florida moss], you know; it's that little white flower. That little plant. It's a pretty thing and it's a medicinal plant. That's for Hina. Hina is the fish goddess. Hina is in all kind of things. She's in everything. She's in farming. She's in everything. She is Mother Moon, just like Papa Haumea is Mother Earth and Wakea is Sky Father. All of these god-spirits. Kahoolawe belongs to them. [See page 37]

There's a burial cave on Kahoolawe that is out of this world and I hope to heaven they never find it because they'll only wreck it. The last time anybody in the family saw it, it was Errol von Tempsky. One of our cowboys was the last caretaker of that cave. He was old and he knew he was going to die and he didn't trust his children and his people who were now American-trained, but he knew that our family respected the Hawaiian ways so he took Errol who was a very young boy at the time. He took him at night when the moon was just right and was making a reflection into this cave. He took him there and they went in--they had to swim in--and when they got inside, there was a beach. He described a beach there inside and the reflection the water showed and he went back and, of course, the old man had brought a lantern and they went and they looked and there the canoes and the feather cloaks and the utensils and everything else were in that cave. I don't know where it is because I never saw it. Errol was taken there and then Errol told us when Lorna died. Lorna died when? Anyway, Errol came home. He was a pilot in the United States and he was living in Florida and he came home and he told us this night, sitting in front of the fireplace. He told us about it and he said, "When I come back again, I'll tell you about the cave and I'll take you there." We were all so excited about it and Annie Tripp, who's now Mrs. Charlie Ako--she's about as old as I am--she was with us so she knew and she was going to go with us 'cause she's part-Hawaiian. And we were all so excited. Well, Errol died meanwhile so none of us know--nobody knows today where is that cave but I know it's there. I have a pretty good idea where it is but I wouldn't tell anybody. They might find it. I would take Kenneth Emory in there all by himself so that he could study it, but I wouldn't take anybody else if I knew where it is.

While I was driving the county jeep this last year or so before I got sick again, I was talking to Charlie Aikala down at George Carter's place at Keone'o'io that they call La Perouse Bay now. There were tears in his eyes. He said, "If I were you I won't show anybody anything; I won't tell anything," because, see, his people are buried on Pu'u Pimoe which is one of the hills in that lava flow and somebody has gone in there and not only to the modern graves but to the ali'i--the old-time ancient caves--and has opened them up and taken out and thrown everything around and everything. He was so sick at heart he said, "I'll never go back there. I'll never go back there again." I said, "Go back and cover them up." I said, "Even though it's gone, they can't hurt the spirits. The things that the people took--the vandals took--only they will suffer, but the spirits will never suffer and you don't need to

suffer." And I said, "Go back and cover them up so nobody else will go in there." I don't know whether he did or not.

M: You mentioned sons. How many children do you have?

A: Two sons. The older one, Angus, is now mill superintendent for the American Factors over at Lihue there on the Island of Kauai. And my younger son, he came back from Korea and like a good many of the ex-servicemen out of the Air Force and everything else, he had a very difficult time getting a job. He's been a car salesman. He's dug ditches. He's done everything and he's married and the other day, on account of that first strike we had, the company he was working for lost about $100,000 in the first strike. I don't know what they've done. They're probably out of business now in the second strike. He was laid off amongst other men so he went and he got a job and he went to Kwajalein and from there I don't know where he's going. Somewhere in the Marshall Islands, I guess. I haven't heard from him. He came back. He turned himself in at Tripler Hospital after he got back here and he thought he was going crazy. He's one of the two pilots, after the war was over really, they were ordered to go and bomb this village with napalm. After the bombing it so happened that this bunch of Air Force men were sent back there for something--I don't know what; I don't know the whole story--and my son saw, and so did this other pilot, what havoc they had caused, how many they had killed, and how many were so horribly burned and everything. The first night he was home we heard these terrible shrieks and screams and groans and moans coming from his room and I thought, "My god, the boy's dying. What's the matter with him?" And I went in and he heard us, I guess, and he woke up and he was in a cold sweat and his body was all black-and-blue, anyway, like bruises and he looked a sight. I said, "Jimmy, what in god's name is the matter with you?" He said, "Oh, Mom, I have nightmares about the napalm. I have nightmares about the village." He said, "I think I'll go down to Tripler." And he did. He went to Tripler, turned himself in at the psychiatric ward there to see if he was crazy. Well, he's not crazy but he'll never be quite the same.

When I went to work for NAS Puunene, I was the only civilian in communications at the Naval Air Base. Then they built NAS Kahului afterward. That is your present airport on Maui. This was right after December 7, 1941 that they built these two bases here on Maui and then they had the Fourth Marine Division up at Kokomo and they had the army stationed here and there all around the islands and all. And being the switchboard operator there, nobody

knew who I was. It was very hush-hush. I was Operator 961. That was the APO number for this island during the war--the Army Post Office number--so our number to get us was 961 through the Hawaiian Telephone Company or whatever and I was Operator 961 and I never was allowed to tell who I was or anything. I'd get calls from these fellows. Of course, I got to know the officers and men of the various units because they'd come in and out of the building. They'd get to know who I was.

I was coming by Outpost 7 over there on the way from Lahaina one day and the boys yelled to me, "Pineapple!" and I thought that they meant that they wanted some pineapples, that they must know that I come from a pineapple plantation. So the next day I left a bunch of pineapples for them. The name of our whole communications system at that time was Pineapple and they knew I was Operator 961. How this got around I don't know. They knew everything about you from your fingerprints onward, you see.

But they would call me and they'd say, "I've got to go out. Today I'm going out on a mission. Would you write to my wife at this address and tell her I'm okay. Could you possibly see that our laundry is brought back here to the base because I don't know when we're coming back." The Marines--you'd see them marching from Ma'alaea there--clop, clop, clop, clop. On Christmas Day this happened. It was heartbreaking. And then somebody in the outfit had the temerity to say, "Merry Christmas!" and the two children and Charles and I called out, "Merry Christmas" with broken voices. "Aloha. Aloha." And they went and we knew a whole bunch of them that were going and when they came back, four of the Marines came up to our house about three o'clock in the morning and I had a bottle of pre-war Scotch which I opened. They didn't care for that. They wanted coffee and doughnuts. It so happened my older boy, Angus, had made some doughnuts and some of the batter was still in the icebox, so we made doughnuts for them. And they told us things you wouldn't believe--their experiences and the things that they did and the things that were done to them. And not a one of those men ever was the same when he came back. Not a one of them. And nearly every one of them, my son included, was a heavy drinker when he came home.

My father and Charles and the rest of the family insisted that my mother and I go back to California and from there up to Vancouver, British Columbia because by then our two sons were in school at the Christian Brothers' School in Vancouver. So finally I said, "I don't want to go. I ought to be home." See, I'd been a Red Cross worker in 1917 with the women up at Paia and so, when we knew the war was coming in 1939--we didn't know but we knew Hawaii was to be involved and that's when we gave the sub-

lease for the south tip of Kahoolawe in 1939--I had taken Red Cross instructor's training so that I went around teaching Red Cross. And we couldn't get any gasoline so I rode my old horse. He was past twenty years old when I got on that horse and rode him from Honolua Ranch to the various places where I went to teach first aid to these people--how to take care in case of an attack and what to have there and all. And to have them know how to take care of wounded people and what to do to help. I did that.

And then in January, finally, I agreed with my father and the rest. We couldn't get money to the boys. We couldn't get in touch too well with A & B in San Francisco and all that so my mother and I went to Honolulu and it took us almost a month to get out of there. And I want to say that some of the Americans who get into authority are some of the most impossible, incredible people I have ever met. They forget all about courtesy. They forget all about putting yourself in the other guy's place. They treated my mother and me something awful because they thought that we belonged to the Big Five and the Big Five, because of the unions and all, was hated by then, you see, in '41, since the union leaders came here and started this business and started the racial feeling and all. Hate the Baldwins, hate this one, hate that one, anybody like ourselves, although we're not stockholders or anything, just employees. We were treated terribly. Anybody was put in ahead of us, even into Castle and Cooke where we were going for our tickets. The army was in charge there already and my mother and I couldn't afford the Moana Hotel--anyway it was all under guard--so we went down and stayed at the Fernhurst, the YWCA place--the old one--and the Japanese maids in there would say to us, "You think you go out on the convoy today?" We didn't know there was a convoy but they did. But do you think one of those officers would help us out? No, we were dirt under their feet.

I tell you, between Kahoolawe and the treatment I got during that year 1942, I hated Americans. I was not an American. As a matter of fact, I was brought up more like a Scottish person or an English person, not like an American, although we're all good Americans, did our part in every war that they've had and all since the Spanish-American War and before that, the Indian Wars. Down in Maryland. The family has been all around in the United States and every one of them has done something for our country.

My cousin was lost with the USS Polk and the USS Houston and given up for dead and then I was working for NAS Puunene as communications operator and my mother said, "I know Jimmy Talbot didn't die, so try and find out." So I called personnel at Pearl Harbor. I said, "Find out if there's a young James Talbot off the USS Polk or the Houston that might be coming in with General [Jonathan M.]

Wainwright's outfit," and sure enough Jimmy was. And sure enough he's still alive in California today. He was four years a prisoner of the Japanese and he's sick today from the treatment he got.

Well, you asked me the past history of Maui and this is it and this is the way you feel.

In San Francisco I worked for the army. I had to go to the Port Director's office one day. I had my army identification, I had everything and they were strict about it and I went up to the desk and there was a new woman there and she looked at my identification and she threw it back to me and she said, "Anybody could have picked this up!" I said, "Oh no, they couldn't have." And she said, "Well, I can't do anything. You're not allowed to go in the Port Director's office." I said, "He called me and told me to come up here." I said, "Please inquire and he'll tell you. He knows me." "Just go over there and sit down!" Boy! I went back again and she said to me, "What other identification do you have?" "Well," I said, "if you want a civilian one--you're a civilian--call up Alexander and Baldwin." She said, "You go down to Alexander and Baldwin and bring me back a letter from the head of the Alexander and Baldwin office!" Well, that meant that I went out and get on a streetcar, go down to 215 Market and come back again to the Port Director's office. Well, I did it. I got back there and I handed her the letter and she said, "This doesn't mean anything." I said, "Then what in the hell <u>do</u> you mean?" Now I'm mad, see, I'm really furious and then I burst into tears with rage and about this time the door opened and the man that I was called to see happened to look out and he saw me and he said, "Mrs. Ashdown, what's the matter?" I said, "This creature won't let me in to your office." Well, I finally calmed down.

And then in the office itself where I finally became supervisor of my part of the army post office where I was working, that person was a nice, kindly person and two other people that I knew there were nice, kindly people that accepted me as a human being. There were people in that office, particularly those who were so proud of being Irish, that because I had an English accent and because I was from Hawaii and they considered me a refugee from the South Pacific. Hawaii is part of the United States and they don't know! They even ask what postage you send to Hawaii. Where's Hawaii?

Well, they treated me so badly in that post office that one day I got mad and I cursed them all out and I said, "If you want to treat me as an alien, if you want to treat me as somebody beneath your feet, please don't talk to me anymore because I've got enough on my shoulders without you people adding to it with your insults and your discourtesies." Well, after that they left me alone. But

I was shoving mail so fast. 'Course I had the APO's, you see, for Hawaii, and I was shoving mail so fast that two supervisors came and watched me one day and they took the mail out of every one of those cubby holes. They took everything. They opened up the packages I had tied. When you get so many, you know, you make a package of it and tie it. They went through everything and they couldn't find one error and they were amazed. They said they'd never had anybody shove mail so fast in their lives. I was working for seventy cents an hour and nights, twelve hours a day, seven days a week. I couldn't get money, except by borrowing it through Alexander and Baldwin, because you couldn't communicate very well with the homeland. Hawaii was as far off as Japan in those days, really, for some of us.

But you're asking for history. Now this is the experience of one person that has lived here since 1907 and gone through two wars here. The First World War was nothing. The only thing we did here was to save wheat and stuff. We didn't hear or see it as we saw World War II or the Korean war.

END OF SIDE 2/2ND TAPE

END OF INTERVIEW

Re-transcribed and edited by Katherine B. Allen

Edited by Inez MacPhee Ashdown, August 1, 1980

Page 1: Donald MacPhee came from Islay, Scotland.

Page 2: Mrs. Ashdown has given the hide and horns to Richard Smart for his museum at Parker Ranch, Waimea, Hawaii.

(top) Angus MacPhee dog-sledded supplies to the American miners in Alaska.

Page 5: Frank Baldwin bought Ulupalakua Ranch in 1922.

Page 7: Ezra Crane was editor of the Maui News and Donald Billam-Walker, editor of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

Mayor Elmer Cravalho's father was Mrs. Ashdown's principal at Ulupalakua School and Mr. Wells was

their boss while she was teaching there.

Mrs. Ashdown retired after working for Maui County from 1969 until 1978 as County Historian, saving historic sites in Kahikinui and elsewhere and writing history. Her written material was given to the Kahului Library for its Hawaiian Room.

Page 10: (bottom) Wild horses were roped and brought out of the forest but they were not shot.

Page 12: According to Mrs. Ashdown, Eddie Brown is the only one who ever told that story about the rain god in Ulupalakua garden. His family and others say he made it up. The gardeners, both Hawaiians, dug the soil and ran to tell King Kalakaua they had found a "man head" in the earth. His Majesty always stayed in the King's Cottage at Ulupalakua as the guest of Captain Makee and his family. The king had the stone set up where it stands till today.

Page 15: It was in 1908 that Mrs. Ashdown first saw the Santa Ynez shrine.

The Hawaiian equivalent of Pico would be Paiko.

Page 16: Pua'a-ka'a means, literally, rolling pig and refers to the legend regarding Kama-pua'a and Pele.

Page 17: On August 1, 1980, Mrs. Ashdown added to the third paragraph: "The sun will burn the stricken islands with drought."

According to Mrs. Ashdown, Mr. Pogue "was a missionary family man at Kailua."

Page 29: The Ashdowns and Harry Baldwin leased the southwest end of the Island of Kahoolawe to the United States Armed Forces in 1939.

Page 30: Mrs. Ashdown states that the full name of Ku is Ku-a-moana-ha.

Page 33: Mrs. Ashdown and her mother went to Vancouver in 1942. She explains that she didn't know the war would be at Pearl Harbor, but knew that Hawaii was to be involved in the coming war as early as 1939.

ADDENDUM

Letter from Mrs. Inez MacPhee Ashdown, August 2, 1980:

My typewriter is broken so I have to use a pen. I have read the transcript and, in spots, have made red-ink corrections. In spots, the writing doesn't make sense as to time. It is a mix up. I hope the tape doesn't sound as badly as it reads!

Anyway--I don't mind if you want to put copies at Punahou Library and the other libraries. Trouble is, readers will wonder at my pidgin English!

Sorry to have been so long in working on it, but both eyes have been operated upon and, while I thank God and my doctor that I can see again, the fact remains that I cannot read for long periods.

My parents came here in December 1907 for the first wild west show in the Territory of Hawaii. My father accepted management of Ulupalakua in January 1908 and came to Maui. Mama and I arrived at Makena where the SS Mauna Kea of the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company anchored off shore. Row boats manned by Hawaiian sailors were rowed ashore carrying freight, mail, passengers.

We rode horseback the 3 1/2 miles of trail from Makena up to the Captain James Makee home, Ulupalakua, where we lived. Dr. and Mrs. James H. Raymond often visited, bringing their daughter, Violet Makee, and son, Harvey Raymond. Mrs. Billy Cornwell and stepdaughter, Katie Cornwell, often visited us from their Ka-ono-ulu ranch. Dr. J. C. Fitzgerald came quite often on his rounds to ranches which paid extra for his services as Territorial Veterinarian. Father Justin came about every four or five weeks as pastor of the San Jacobo Church (now a new, cinder-brick building titled Saint James Church in English).

Mama taught me. Mama would not allow me to board and room at Punahou [School]. We went to Honolulu quite often and, there, Miss Winne would have me read, write, et cetera, and mark my grades in school assignments. In town I rode to school on the train with my cousin, Gertrude Knight, who was seven years older and a close friend of Clorinda Low, Uncle Eben and Aunt Lizzie Low's daughter. Sometimes Aunt Mollie drove us in the surrey drawn by the shiny black mare named Maud. Sometimes we visited with the Low family. They had a big home, pastures, stables, horses and ponies for the children, out on King Street beyond Kalakaua Avenue.

Again, we all visited Aunty Liliu (Queen Liliuokalani) at her home, Ke Alohi Lani, or her beach home at Waikiki where I

could walk far out on the long pier (gone now) and listen to family music in the cottage at the end of the pier where her hanai practiced his music. Prince Kuhio and his beautiful wife seemed to live at Waikiki, also. Kapiolani Park was very beautiful across the road from the old aquarium and the beach homes. The lake and island named for Captain James Makee at the park was lovely. All beyond was swampland fish ponds where the Ala Wai and the Ala Moana Shopping Center are now.

Life was unhurried, friendly, serene, and very beautiful among delightful ladies and gentlemen. All Manoa and Nuuanu were beautiful "spirits homes" valleys; even Punahou and Rocky Hill had companionable "good spirits" and nothing ever was scary. B. F. Ehlers has become Liberty House, and Henry Hackfeld Company became American Factors during World War I. I'll be sad if the Young and the Moana hotels disappear. So many once beautiful "Gay 90's" homes and landmarks are gone, like the gracious people!

No doubt anyone on a horse or driving a team would be arrested now, even on Maui. So many cars and such heavy traffic and haste.

I worked as historian for Maui County from 1969 to 1975 at the old Wilcox family home in Ulupalakua where we rented the house and pasture from a Wilcox grandson, Abner De Lima, who had been in the kindergarten at Ulupalakua School when I was a teacher there from 1922 through 1925.

Every one of the people who were "family" in my youth has died or is aged now. After all, I am eighty since December 1979, and am lucky to be well and driving my old Ford Pinto. I call it my "last horse."

My husband and I moved to Wailuku in 1975 when my work was in the county building rather than field-sites work in a county Jeep. I did drive from Ulupalakua to Wailuku to work, but the trip made me very tired through February and till May 1, 1975. Charles died in February 1977. Our older son, Angus, was killed in an auto accident in July that year. My younger son, James, has been traveling the States and Alaska since 1978. Because he flew the B-25 over Waikiki some years ago, they have refused to give him his pilot's licence. After five year's probation, and no alcohol, the FAA was to give him a commercial pilot's licence but a Dr. Jordan in Washington, D. C. refuses. So, Jim does anything he can do honestly--has dug ditches, painted houses, sold cars, been a realtor--but he is "lost" not being the fine pilot he was, God help him. We have nothing since the Kahoolawe deal even took away our home at Kahana by the sea.

On March 3 this year I moved into Hale Mahaolu Elva where I can afford rent and food on my Social Security. Daily, I thank God that A & B [Alexander & Baldwin, Inc.] gave the land, and the county built this place for Senior Citizens. Else I'd be looking for a cave. Such is life. Also, I still sell a story sometimes, and am paid as Consultant by Amfac when the

company is needing to know history where new projects are being done. God has been good to me. Fortunately, the lore learned from older people has stood in good stead now. People should take advantage of every opportunity to learn well. You never know when the knowledge may help you to earn. Luckily, the Bell Telephone Company trained me in Chicago, and during World War II I was Operator 961 at NAS Puunene where I worked until 1946 when I had to retire because of a heart attack. The U. S. Navy gave me the Meritorious Award. Kahoolawe and the sampan Maizie C, so we were told, were the "two greatest factors in winning World War II."

The stories I learned in childhood, along with place names and sites, are very valuable to posterity now. Many a person taught by me has said, "You make me proud of my Hawaiian heritage." And I'm glad they, particularly children, enjoy learning the Heritage of Aloha which has been shared with me. God is good to me. So--if what you have taped and what I now write can help others to learn well, that is good. I'm glad.

With best wishes, and Aloha pumehana,

/s/ Inez Ashdown

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THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

In May 1971, the Watumull Foundation initiated an Oral History Project.

The project was formally begun on June 24, 1971 when Katherine B. Allen was selected to interview kamaainas and longtime residents of Hawaii in order to preserve their experiences and knowledge. In July, Lynda Mair joined the staff as an interviewer.

During the next seventeen months, eighty-eight persons were interviewed. Most of these taped oral histories were transcribed by November 30, 1972.

Then the project was suspended indefinitely due to the retirement of the foundation's chairman, Ellen Jensen Watumull.

In February 1979, the project was reactivated and Miss Allen was recalled as director and editor.

Three sets of the final transcripts, typed on acid-free Permalife Bond paper, have been deposited respectively in the Archives of Hawaii, the Hamilton Library at the University of Hawaii, and the Cooke Library at Punahou School.